

Good Boy.

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Good Boy.

by [dnfsinner](#)

Summary

“What’s not fair, Dreamie?”

Dream huffs, rolling his eyes. “You know what it is,” he snaps, and it almost resembles a toddler throwing a temper tantrum.

George only laughs. “Maybe I do, but I want to hear you say it.”

or, Dream goes into subspace for the first time.

Notes

hi :D millie here. so this is very short & sweet, i wrote this during school bc we didn't rlly do anything today.

like always, if the cc's say they're uncomfortable this will be taken down, for now, enjoy

power bottom gogy ;)

also, i never really expected to actually have a platform on ao3 when i moved here from wattpad, but i just want to tell you guys how much i appreciate the support, no matter how little it is.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Hot venom slips through Dream's veins, lighting his skin aflame with sorrowful passion. Fingers twitch from their place on the armrest of his chair, his headphones resting around his neck, the faintest illusion of George's voice slipping up to Dream's ears.

"Dream? Hello?"

Dream ignores it, a stuttering breath ghosting past his lips as he tries to push down the tightening arousal pooling in his stomach. It would be his luck to get hard during the middle of a recording session. Then again, it was George and his innocent tongue that got him in this position.

They were recording a video for George's channel. A simple plug-in that made Dream able to play as a wolf—George's loyal companion. Dream hadn't seen a problem with it until George muttered out five little words that had Dream begging for them to take a break:

"Who's a good boy, Dream?"

It happened barely ten minutes ago, but it's still vague in Dream's mind. Playing on repeat with the intent of making him suffer. Dream feels trapped within himself, drowning in his own desires that he had no clue even fucking existed.

Dream has never been one to be submissive. In his previous relationships, he's always been the dominant one. Voicing out commands for his partner to obey. He's never been the one to fall on his knees and beg, but with George—the way he voiced those words—Dream thinks he can reconsider everything.

His mind begins to come back to him, blinking rapidly as he looks around his room. George's voice is still calling his name, but this time it's more worry-filled. Dream shifts in his chair, clearing his throat as he cuffs his ears with his headphones.

"Sorry about that," he groans, clicking around on his computer to unpause his game. "I zoned out a bit."

George hums. "I figured."

A deafening silence rings throughout the call; Dream still stuck on previous events. He hopes to god that this will end soon so he can deal with himself and then figure out why the *hell* it felt so good to be praised by George.

"Are you okay, Dream?" George asks after a moment, sensing something was up. "You seem... quiet."

Dream perks his head up, a soft sound that resembles confusion falling past his lips. "Yeah, yeah. I'm fine, George," Dream lies through his teeth, squeezing his thighs together to create some type of friction. "I'm just..."

Dream's voice echos off, not able to come up with a good enough reason as to why he had gone all quiet. And Dream knows he can't tell George the actual reason, so he just sits there, hoping to god George wouldn't pressure him into speaking.

He's never felt like this—all floaty and desperate. It's weird, new, something that, deep down, he actually really likes.

“Well,” George's voice booms in Dream's ears, making Dream flinch. “You want to continue recording? Or would you wanna do something else?”

Dream leans back in his chair, trying so hard to distract himself from George's voice that echoes throughout his mind that he almost forgets to respond. “Wha...What do you mean by something else?” His mind raced at the endless possibilities of what *something else* could mean.

“I dunno, Dream. What do you have in mind?”

Dream's tongue pokes out to wet dry lips, mouth falling open in hopes to reply, but nothing comes. So he shuts his mouth, pressing his lips into a thin line.

He has a lot of things in mind, most being less than appropriate to voice out. Dream wants George to call him good again, wants to feel the praise settle into his bones and burn George's name in his skin.

“You've gone quiet on me again,” George mumbles, hoping to drag the quiet male from his thoughts. “What are you thinking about?”

Dream still can't find the words he's searching for, indifferent noises being choked out from his throat before he gives up, sinking lower in his chair. Dream could usually talk his friends' ears off, but now? He's reduced to a stuttering mess from two little words that just will not leave his fucking head.

George shifts on the other end, smugness being heard as he spoke. “Come on, pup. Be a good boy and spit it out.”

Dream *whimpers*. “G-George,” it's breathless, weak, shy even as embarrassment creeps up Dream's spine, filtering through his blood and going straight to his groin.

“What? Is someone a little worked up?”

In reality, George knew exactly what had got Dream to be caught up in his head, and George was going to exploit that in every way he possibly could. Was it crossing their invisible line of boundaries? Sure. But George hopes Dream has a bit of sense to voice out if he's uncomfortable.

With a sickening grin, George continues. “Why don't you tell me what you're thinking, Dream. What got you all hot and bothered?”

“It, it was you,” Dream whispers, dick twitching in his sweatpants.

“Yeah? And what did I do?”

Dream gulps, hands coming to fist at the loose fabric of his sweats. He's never been put in a position where he had to voice his desires, and it almost felt wrong, sinful even, as the words left the security of his mind through his mouth. “You called me something.”

George chuckles. “Why don't you turn your camera on for me.”

And Dream has never moved faster. Once Dream got the camera situated towards his face, he quickly clicked over to Discord, activating the video button.

“There you are, sweetheart,” George coos when Dream appears on the screen, taking note of how utterly pathetic Dream looks with freckled cheeks painted with a dark pink blush. “Now, tell me. What did I call you?”

Dream avoids staring straight into the camera, knowing that the older was scrutinizing every movement. “S not fair,” he mumbles, his mind too jumbled to form a coherent sentence.

“What’s not fair, Dreamie?”

Dream huffs, rolling his eyes. “You know what it is,” he snaps, and it almost resembles a toddler throwing a temper tantrum.

George only laughs. “Maybe I do, but I want to hear you say it.”

“You called me a good boy...” It came out low and abashed as if it kills Dream to say such words. And truth be told, it does, his ego deflating with every humiliating defeat.

Dream almost feels ashamed at the littering pleats of arousal bubbling in his stomach. But he would be lying if he said he didn’t enjoy being brought down like this.

“See,” George applauds. “Now, was that so difficult?”

“Fuck you,” Dream spits, trying to regain his dominant composure that is quickly slipping away from him—maybe he never had it to begin with.

Dream digs his nails into the fabric-covered surface of his thighs, his grip harsh and enough to hurt, but it doesn’t. His cock is throbbing for attention, the tantalizing feeling of George whispering into his ear doing nothing to help his problem.

“You would love to, wouldn’t you?” George mumbles. There are a few clicks heard before an image of George appears on the screen next to Dream. “Fuck me, I mean.”

Dream takes a moment to imagine it. George laid out in front of him, exposed and vulnerable, screaming out curses as Dream fucks into him at a relentless pace. Screaming out Dream’s name like a beautiful tune to be memorized.

How did they get here?

“Yes,” Dream whines, throwing his head back. “Fuck, yes.”

Dream hears George let out a groan, his head snapping back to the screen to find George with a hand under his shorts, slowly moving up and down.

“I’ve thought about it before,” George admits. “God, I would—*fuck*— think about it while fucking myself with my fingers. I always wished it was you.”

Dream takes the opportunity to slip a hand under the band of his sweats, wrapping his fingers around the stiffness of his cock. “Y-You have?” he stutters, thumb swirling around his tip, spreading the precum that had gathered along the length of his cock.

“Of course, I have,” George pulls his shorts down to pool around his thighs, and even though the camera quality wasn’t the best, Dream could see the glossy red tint of the other’s head. “How can I

not think about you? You're so, so big, Dream. You could *ruin me* if you wanted to."

George returns his hand to glide along his length, his other hand slipping underneath his shirt.

"And I know you could fuck me so good, Dream. Have me cumming on your cock within minutes, wouldn't you?"

Dream whimpers, mouth agape as moans escape from his throat. "Yes—fuck, yes, George. God, wanna fuck you," Pleasure coils in Dream's stomach, threatening to break and push him over the edge with every flick of his wrist. "Wanna break you."

"You want to break me, pup?" George asks, earning a nod from Dream. "I would love for you too."

"Please..." Dream begs, hips bucking up into his hands as his orgasm rapidly approaches.

"I could ride you so well, Dream," George gasps out, keeping his eyes on Dream's stuttering figure. "Tie your arms behind you and make you take whatever I give you. Make you mine, yeah?"

Dream writhes in his chair, hand quickening its pace. He's so, so close. "Fuck—please, George. 'M so close."

"You gonna cum all over yourself, pup?" Dream nods, thighs trembling from pleasure. "Me, too, Dream. C-Come on, cum for me, baby."

Dream gasps as his cock pulses, cum shooting out from the tip and soaking his sweats. George isn't too far behind him, whispering praises of '*good boy, Dream,*' and Dream doesn't think he's ever had an orgasm that intense before.

They take a moment to catch their breaths; Dream spazzed out and curious as to why the hell he felt so submissive with George.

"That was..." Dream mumbles, pulling his hand away from his softening cock. "That was an experience."

George lets out a soft laugh, grabbing a box of tissues just out of view of the camera. "I never knew you were the type to be so subby, Dream," he teases, wiping his hand of cum.

"Neither did I, to be honest." Silence rings out; Dream trying to wrap his mind around the fact that *this just really happened*. "But whatever you did, I enjoyed it."

George scoffs. "I'm sure you did, pup. But we still have to finish recording this video."

Oh, right. The video.

"Could we do it tomorrow?" asks Dream, head starting to clear up from the lust that previously clouded his sense of thought. "I'm a little tired right now, and I feel disgusting."

George smiles. "Of course, sweetheart. Make sure to drink some water and take a shower before you sleep, okay?"

The sickening sweet tone has Dream feeling warm, giddy, and prone to do whatever George asks of him. "I will, George. But uh—can we also talk about this later? There's a lot I need to tell you about."

George nods. "I'll be right here when you're done."

End Notes

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